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# You'll be sorry

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## Chapter 1 by The Coffee Freak

"Need I remind you who you are Zenovia!" My mother raised her voice, as always. "I need no reminding Mother. I am the princess of Cardall, heir to the throne and your daughter, whom you've given your word not to give away! But here you've gone and married me off to some pompous prince from halfway across the world!" I shouted.

"Calm down!" She snapped.

"You first," I said under my breath.

"I heard that, young lady. And I suggest you learn to respect me. I made you no promises, I cannot be held accountable for every word your father spoke."

"If he were still here he would say other wise." I turned and stomped to my room, childish I know, but I couldn't help it. I slammed my door. My maid quickly rushed to my side.

"Is there anything I can get you my Lady?"

"No, Emile. You are dismissed. I will send for you later." She nodded gave a slight curtsy and fled the room. Then I burst into tears.

*Why me?!* I thought. My mother had killed my father, the kindest man I had ever known, so that she could have the throne to herself. Swiped at my eyes. I would avenge my father. I glanced at

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I must have fallen asleep because I was so tired. I closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

"Come in" I called.

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"Miss, Prince Christian is coming to dinner. Shall I help you get ready?" She asked, I could tell she was battling herself over the urge to tell me my makeup was running.

"Can you tell mother I feel ill?" I begged.

"I'm sorry my Lady, but it is not within my best interests to lie to the Queen. Shall I start a bath then?"

"Yes please." I paused before continuing "And could you add some lavender?"

"Of course miss. I'll get right on it." She left me alone with my thoughts. I had a feeling I was misjudging the prince, but I hadn't any time to think about that because Emile poked her head back into my room.

"Your bath will be ready soon Your Highness."

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I breathed through my teeth. "Thank you, Emile."

When she withdrew, I knew what my next course of action had to be. I ducked my head under the water, and took a sharp breath. Mother would kill me if I allowed myself to become that *thing* here, but if the prince saw me for what I truly was...well, perhaps he would reconsider.

"*Sorry, Father,*" I thought a little sadly to myself. He wouldn't like to see me becoming this either, but for different reasons. He actually cared about me.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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